

SUP News

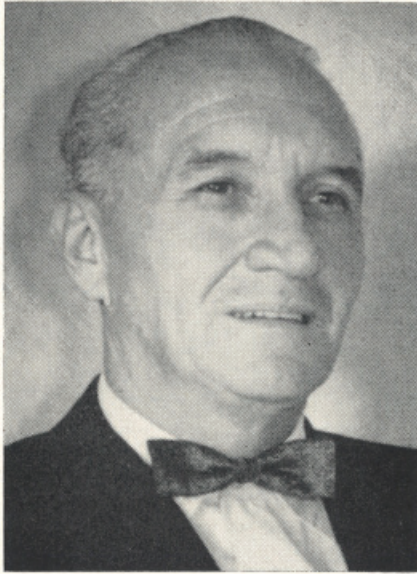
VOL. 12

MAY-JUNE, 1965

NO. 3



*The Sons of Utah Pioneers drove their own spike on May 10, 1959,
when they dedicated the Railroad Museum honoring
“the last spike”: at Corinne, Utah.*



President's Message

President George B. Everton, Sr.

WHERE are we today?

HOW did we get to this point?

WHAT is back of that which we now have?

WHO should we look to for leadership?

WHEN will we move forward?

On the southern shore of South Africa lies the city of Port Elizabeth. Down near the waterfront the citizens have erected a large campanile — a freestanding bell tower. As you climb the stairway on the inside you may look out the windows at each landing. Each flight of stairs and open window widens your view. At the first window you see very little more than you do at the street level, but soon you are looking over the tops of the buildings on the one side and the ships docked at the quay on the other. You see the shore line of Algoa Bay stretching farther and farther in both directions. Finally you see right down to the beach on the opposite shore. Many of the objects on the other side of the bay appear to rise up out of the water as you climb higher and higher in the campanile.

After gaining the top you gaze out over the city on your left and the bay where the first large group of English settlers sought haven on the southern shores of Africa in 1820 on your right. Leaving their native land looking for greener pastures these hardy souls had sailed down the Atlantic, through the Bay of Biscay, past Spain, Portugal, the Madera, Canary and Cape Verde Islands. Undoubtedly

their next stop was Cape Town, then around the Cape of Good Hope and on east to Algoa Bay. They were pioneers in the true sense of the word; even they were almost forced to leave their homeland, just as our pioneers were and many others who are now honored with that appellation.

As we consider our forebearers and climb the hills, ridges, divides and peaks between here and the Missouri River we can clearly visualize the trail of the Utah Pioneers. That dusty, heartbreaking trail, stained with sweat, tears, blood and human flesh — a trail made sacred with sacrifice, suffering, sorrowing and sometimes death. Though it headed into the west and the setting sun it was a star studded trail to those who left their footprints in its dust. It was leading them into a new and brighter day.

It took many years and much labor but that brighter day did come. It came in many ways — security mostly to begin with. Security from their enemies, security from want and hunger, security from the cold. By constant endeavor and many calouses they rose from heighth to heighth and on to the "Hall of Fame," where we have earnestly turned our organized efforts to preserve their sacred memories.

As the old generation faded and the new ones closed the ranks, luxury after luxury turned to necessity. The bent backs and toil-hardened hands gradually disappeared which had built the roads, bridges, canals, churches and dwellings we now enjoy. They labored incessantly and reverently so that their descendants could take it easy. In a great measure they succeeded. Time will tell whether they were wise in providing us with so much ease. If we use it wisely and properly it will be a great boon, if not it could be our downfall.

Well, here we stand today.

"Chicken every Sunday," was far beyond their fondest dreams. For us, we must have chicken or the likes every meal, three times every day and sometimes more than that. Where they were happy with and fortunate to have a pair of shoes to protect their feet from sharp rocks and rough roads, we have to have at least two cars in every garage.

Is all this ease, comfort and con-

venience making us soft? Do our lilly-white hands indicate our true nature or are we still capable of surmounting the rocky road ahead? We don't have the granite, limestone, deserts and mountains to fight, but we do have tremendous, boulder-like problems which must be overcome or we'll go down to an ignoble end.

Communism is one of these problems. Are we going to lay down and become their puppets? The black and white trouble keeps rumbling louder and louder. Can we solve it to the end that hate will disappear from both sides?

Our free enterprise system which catapulted our nation from a weakling to the most powerful the world has ever known is threatened by two of the institutions which helped to build it—labor which seems to be trying its best to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs—and the government itself which is slowly but surely spreading its influence, octopus like, to regulate every phase of its citizens' lives from the cradle to the grave.

Our freedoms were won with hard callouses, by the musket, sword, sickle, shovel, hoe and hammer. We can lose them by blandly standing by and letting them slip through our soft white fingers. This is our greatest danger. No other comes close.

Who should we look to for leadership? The answer is simple—sad to say, too simple for most. He who gave us the greatest sermon ever recorded—the Sermon on the Mount—is the only one who can be relied on to lead us out of our many enigmas and troubles. Love of God and love of fellowmen are the basic laws — the basis of all righteous laws — which He gave to us. They are the first directions we must follow as we seek the solution to all troubles. We know the way from our youth, but sometimes we are so blinded by the things close by we cannot see the great overall plan.

We will move forward just as soon and as fast as we accept these commandments and put them into our lives. We must climb the campanile of the Lord and as we learn to obey His laws our vision will broaden. Each step up the stairway to perfection will extend your horizons and eventually we will reach the goal we seek.

(See Page 3)

Jefferson Hunt Chapter 1965 Officers



Front Row, left to right: Dale Newey, Second Vice President; Don Stoker, Car Trips; LeRoy Stoker, First Vice President; John R. Newey, President; Chaplain Leland Montgomery, not present.
Back Row, left to right: Jack Doxey, Secretary and Treasurer; Gilbert Wangsgard, Photography; Jess Layton, Refreshments; Loran Hardy, Horseback Rides; Wilmer Jensen, Historian.

Meetings & Activities of The Jefferson Hunt Chapter SUP For The Year 1965

January—14th: Annual dinner, financial report and election of officers. Wives invited.
 February—4th: Officers meeting; 11th: Monthly SUP meeting—wives invited. Film of pioneer trail shown.
 March—4th: Officers meetings; 11th: Monthly SUP meeting.
 April—1st: Officers meeting; 8th: Annual Weber Memorial Park dinner—Wives and guests invited.
 May—1st: Car trip to Park City and then to Pioneer Village in Salt Lake City. Wives and family invited. (All day trip). 6th: Officers meeting; 13th: Monthly SUP meeting; 21st: Hot cake supper at Huntsville Town Park for members, family and

public; 22nd: Horseback ride—members and wives.

June—3rd: Officers meeting; 10th: Monthly SUP meeting; 18th: All day car trip for members and wives to Kennecott Smelters at Garfield.

July—1st: Officers meeting; 8th: Monthly SUP meeting—combined lawn party with wives; 16th: New York Fair trip starts.

August—5th: Officers meeting; 12th: Monthly SUP meeting; 20th & 21st: Overnight trip combined truck and horseback ride to LaPlatte Mines for entire family. (Two day trip); 27-28-29th: SUP Encampment at Cedar City.

September—2nd: Officers meeting; 9th: Monthly SUP meeting; 11th: Truck trip to Snow Basin and Mt. Ogden with picnic lunch. (4 to 6 hour trip).

October—2nd: Pinenut gathering trip to Yost, Utah—then to the City of Rocks sightseeing. (All day trip—members and family); 7th: Officers meeting; 14th:

Monthly SUP meeting combined with Halloween party—members and wives.

November—4th: Officers meeting; 11th: Monthly SUP meeting.

December—2nd: Officers meeting; 9th: Monthly SUP meeting and Christmas party with wives.

(From Page 2)

Honor to our fathers is one of the important steps to reach the high bell tower. The Sons of Utah Pioneers are dedicated to this task. Are you? Are you ringing the bells of honor to those who suffered to bring us comfort? United we can accomplish much more than we can singly. Determine now that you will support the SUP—your local chapter and the National Society. You owe it to your ancestors. You owe it to yourself.

CONGRATULATIONS

Dr. Walter A. Kerr on reaching 85. No one would think you are an Octogenarian for you and your wife are the youngest couple for your age we have ever seen.

SUP News

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by

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Utah Pioneers

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T. M. WOOLLEY, Editor

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A Message From The Life Membership Committee

April 16, 1965

Brother.....

Dear Son of a Utah Pioneer:

Those whom our organization was established to honor built here a culture which we believe is second to none in the world. This culture was brought into being out of a situation of great adversity and with much hardship and toil, but it was molded to the heart's desire of those noblemen and noblewomen who represent creation's finest product. Our pioneer ancestors developed this culture, but it is we, their sons, who partake of the best fruits of their labors.

Our organization has provided a means by which we as individuals may perpetuate our support of the objectives of the organization even after we have gone to join our worthy progenitors. This is by subscribing to the capital fund of the organization known as the *Life Membership Fund*. You do this by paying \$100.00 into the fund and becoming a "Life Member of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers." After becoming a Life Member of the National Society there are no further annual dues (\$5 per year) assessed, you become a member of the National Society for life. (If you belong to a local chapter, the chapter dues will be assessed as usual.)

The Life Membership Committee invites you, and encourages you, to become a Life Member of the National Society by filling in the attached application and sending it along with your subscription of \$100 to the Secretary of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. You will be pleased with your decision to join your fellow Sons in honoring our Utah pioneer ancestors.

Carl J. Christensen, Chairman
Fred E. Curtis
A. Lavel Smith
Arthur W. Grix
Eugene P. Watkins
Life Membership Committee

To the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers
Brethren:

I desire to become a Life Member of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers and submit herewith my application for membership and my subscription of one hundred dollars (\$100) to be added to the Life Membership Capital Fund of the Society.

It is my understanding the capital fund is to be kept intact in perpetuity but that the earnings of the fund are to be used for furthering the purposes of the society and supporting its activities.

.....
Signature

.....
Address

.....
Date

Send to: National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers
2998 South 2150 East
Salt Lake City, Utah

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Trails & Landmarks Committee Reports

Executive Board Members
National Society,
Sons of Utah Pioneers
Pioneer Village

Dear Brethren:

At last it is possible for me to report that I have completed the compiling of the brochure "Historical Markers, Monuments and Plaques on Major Highways of Utah." It is completed except for a few items that I will either have to check up on myself or get someone to locate exactly. What ought to be done is for me to make a trip through the State doing the checking myself as I have had to wait for quite some time until someone else was able to do the job.

I had an interview with Mr. D. James Cannon, Director of the Utah Tourist and Publicity Bureau, during which I learned that he will soon sever his connections with that agency. He made some suggestions which I believe we would be wise to consider. They are:

1) That the brochure be published as soon as possible to get it on the market by tourist season this summer.

2) That it sell for no more than \$1.00, which would then make necessary the actual cost to be well below or somewhat below half of that amount. This would permit the distributing costs and profit to be in the neighborhood of 50 cents.

3) That it have a slick cover, colorful with several pictures throughout. The pictures can be obtained from the Publicity Bureau. That it be a brochure worthy of the SUP, a GOOD job and attractive so it will sell. The cover is the salesman.

4) That we place the job of printing and "bird-dogging" in the hand of a professional so that it can get done quickly and be placed on the counters of business houses in time for the season.

5) That someone be appointed who has the interest and the knowledge to act for the Executive Board to approve its format, pictures and printing.

6) That an initial printing of some 2500 copies be authorized.

I was fortunate to be able to talk with Dr. Everett Cooley, Director of the Utah State Historical Society, who will be willing to read the complete manuscript when it is ready. He already has made some valuable suggestions and immediately saw some mistakes.

I hope that it will bring credit to the SUP and that many people benefit from its publication. I do not hope for nor do I expect any remuneration for what I have done and merely have done it with the confidence that it is something for which there is a certain need.

Very respectfully,
Dr. Orson Whitney Young
Chairman
Trails and Landmarks
Committee

Where Did The Liberty Bell Come From?

Other bells around the world are bigger, and many of them have been pealing their high notes and their low notes through several centuries. But to the American, the best bell, the most beloved bell in all the world rests quietly in Philadelphia. There we may visit it and even touch it.

The Story of our Liberty Bell began more than 200 years ago when our 13 original states were still colonies of England. The people of Pennsylvania ordered it to celebrate the 50th anniversary of their commonwealth.

The big bell was cast by the foundry of Thomas Lister in Whitechapel, London.

It was carried over the sea in a ship and arrived in Philadelphia in August, 1753.

At that time it was called the Province Bell, and it was a beauty.

It bore the date of its birth and the name of its foundry, and around the top of its crown a most suitable text from the Bible was cast in letters of metal.

Those words from the XXV Chapter of Leviticus, Verse 10, still announce their noble message from our Liberty Bell: Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof.

The people of Pennsylvania had paid 16 English pounds, 14 shillings and five pennies for their bell, a price equal to about \$300.

Everything seemed perfect until the voice of the beautiful bell was tested.

Then it cracked.

The Foundry of Pass and Stow of Philadelphia undertook to melt it down and recast it, adding 1½ ounces of copper to the original metal to make it less brittle.

The new bell was ready the following June. It bore the names of its new foundry, but its noble message was there as before. For more than three months its deep voice pealed forth many times.

Then in September, 1753, it cracked again. Pass and Stow recast the bell for the last time.

The Province Bell was renamed the Liberty Bell when it boomed its welcome to the Continental Congress meeting in Philadelphia.

It pealed its more joyful song on July 8, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was read to the people.

During the War of Independence, the precious symbol of liberty was hidden in Allentown and returned home to Philadelphia on June 27, 1778.

MISSION CALLS

We have been notified of the following couples who have been called on missions for the Mormon Church. There may be more; if so, please let us know.

From Box Elder Chapter, Mr. and Mrs. Larsen Austin to New York.

From the SUP Luncheon Club, Salt Lake City: Mr. and Mrs. J. Rulon Hales to England, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Monson to New Zealand, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Fowler to England, Mr. and Mrs. C. Kearns Ferre to Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. Ray L. Alston to Texas.

From the Temple Fork Chapter in Logan: Mr. and Mrs. H. Dewey Griffin to Texas.

From our at large members: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pugsley to Switzerland.

We wish all of these fine people great success in their missionary work.

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FRANK J. EARL - Life Member No. 79



Frank J. Earl receives his Life Membership pin and certificate from Chapter President Aura C. Hatch of the Brigham Young Chapter.

Frank J. Earl was born in Fielding, Box Elder County, Utah, August 12, 1897, to Charles W. and Hattie Leonard Earl, both of whom were native born Utah pioneers. Truman and Artentia White Leonard, his maternal grandparents came to Utah in 1850. Truman left for a mission to India in 1852. After serving five years he returned to Utah in 1856. He was the fifth L.D.S. missionary to circle the globe. On his return to Utah he joined a party of Saints in England who became the first ship load of emigrants for Utah. At Iowa City he joined the Handcart Pioneers and headed a part of McArthur's Company as a "captain over the first division."

John and Rheumina Wilson Earl, paternal grandparents, came to Utah with their parents. John's parents were William and Sarah Syphers Earl, who also arrived in Utah in 1850.

Frank's education was in Fielding, Box Elder High School in Brigham City and the A.C., which is currently known as U.S.U. in

Logan. He filled a mission to the Eastern States, serving two years in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Returning home to the farm in Fielding in 1921. He followed that occupation until the fall of 1923 when he began teaching school in Brigham City. Three years later he entered the service station business with his brother, Ernest, and brother-in-law, Horace Taylor, in Logan. Two years later he joined the Automotive Products Corporation in Provo as president and continues to serve in that position. This corporation is now a family owned organization.

For about twelve years Frank has served as director and vice president of Federated Security Life Insurance Company of Salt Lake City. Two years ago he was one of the organizers of the Utah National Bank of Provo, where he now serves as director and vice president. Other business interests help to keep him fully employed.

He served many years as a director of the Provo Chamber of

Commerce and in 1929 served as its president. He joined the Rotary Club of Provo in 1933, was its president in 1936-37 and is currently serving as District Governor of Rotary District 542, which includes forty-eight clubs in Utah, Idaho and Wyoming.

Among many other civic duties he has served as director of the Provo Metropolitan Water Board for twenty-three years, its vice president for most of those years and president for two years.

Frank has served as M. I. A. president, Bishop's counselor and High Councilman in various wards of Utah Stake. He served one year as vice president of the Brigham Young chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. He has attended a number of National treks including one to the Hole in the Rock.

In 1927 he married LaVieue Huish, she died in 1958. In 1961 he married Naoma Rich. Frank has two sons and two daughters and fourteen grandchildren.

Sugar House Chapter Reports

The Sugar House Chapter, under the presidency of Tanner L. Brown, had an outstanding program and banquet in the Parley's Ward amusement hall on Monday evening, April 26, 1965.

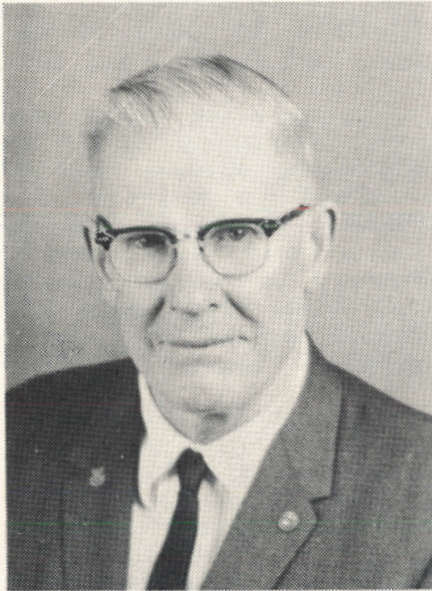
The Distinctive Caterers served a splendid roast beef dinner with all of the trimmings, and then the Swiss Edelweiss Chorus, under the leadership of Margrit Lohner, with Charles Grob at the piano, and Julis Billeter as commentator, furnished a wonderful Swiss song and dance program. An outstanding feature of the program was a horn solo by John Balmer on the Alpine Horn. The horn, 13 feet long, shaped from the bent log of a tree, can be heard for miles in the Swiss Alps.

The program was arranged by Horace A. Sorensen, program director of Sugar House Chapter of SUP.

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SUP PROFILES



Warren Hansen

Warren Hansen was born January 18, 1907 in Logan, Utah, the fifth child of a family of eleven, and the second son of James Peter and Nancy Ann Cromeans Hansen. He attended the Logan City schools, but stopped in about the ninth grade to help his father support the large family of younger children. His father was a plasterer by occupation and he plastered many homes, stores and other buildings in the Cache Valley area, in Bear Lake Valley and in Wyoming. Warren assisted him by mixing the mortar and carrying it in a hod on his shoulder to where it was needed.

When he was eight years old, he remembers his Grandmother Sina Duke, taking him up to the Logan Temple to be baptized.

As Warren grew older, he went out into cement work for construction companies. He worked on the Rye Patch Dam in Nevada, the Grand Coulee Dam in Washington, and the Hyrum Dam, and was foreman on the Hi-land Canal, supplying irrigation water to the orchards on the east bench between Ogden and Brigham City. He also worked on many roads and bridges in the Intermountain West, and was at the Defense Depot, Ogden, where he worked on the roads, curbs and gutters, etc., there, when the in-

stallation first began to take shape at the beginning of World War II.

He then worked at Hill Air Force Base during the War, as inspector of airplane engines. Later he transferred to the Defense Depot, Ogden, where he has been employed as a building inspector up to the present time.

He met and married Blanche Johnson on May 18, 1940, and they are parents of three children. This marriage was later solemnized in the Logan Temple March 30, 1951.

He is a Seventy in the 32nd Quorum of Seventies. At one time he was one of the Seven Presidents in the 385th Quorum of Seventies. He served on a Mt. Logan Stake Mission from October 26, 1954 to February 2, 1957. At the present time he is group leader of his Seventies Quorum in the Logan 23rd Ward, a Home Teacher and also the scoutmaster for Troop 82.

He claims membership in the SUP through his paternal grandfather, Peter Hansen, who walked across the plains in 1861 and who was in the Samuel A. Woolley's company. They settled in Hyrum and after the death of his first wife, he returned as a missionary to Denmark in May of 1865. He remained in his native land four years, bringing many converts into the Church, including his second wife, Hansine Patrine Madsen, whom he married September 23, 1867 and brought her back to this country with him.

Warren is President of the Temple Fork Chapter, SUP, Logan, Utah and has also served as Vice President and Director. He is a member of Company D, the Mormon Battalion.

He and his wife enjoyed the trek to Washington, D. C. in January, 1961 for the inaugural of President Kennedy, the Tucson Trek in February, 1963, and the trek to California over Labor Day last year, and others, and have thoroughly enjoyed everyone of them.

EAT and MEET at

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S. U. P. Luncheon Club Meeting Here

Brigham Young Chapter-- Speakers Roster For The Year 1965-66

September 25 — Subject: "California Mormons," book by Anna Leone Patton, reviewed by Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Clark.

October 22 — Subject: "Mormonism In the 20th Century," Dr. James B. Allen and Dr. Richard C. Cowan, B.Y.U. faculty.

November — Subject: "Utah and the Civil War." Speaker, Gustive O. Larson.

January 28 — Subject: "Pioneer Water Problems vs. Water Problems Today," Dr. Vasco M. Tanner.

February 18 — Subject: "Building Zion in All the World Through Missionary Work for 134 Years." Speaker, Frank Brown.

March 25 — Subject: Annual Visit, National President of the SONS, George B. Everton, Sr.

April 22 — Subject: "Church Seminary System." Speaker, Dale T. Tingey.

May 27 — Subject: "Financial Problems, Yesterday and Today." Speaker, Leonard Arrington.

June 24 — Subject: "School System In Mexico." Speaker, Joseph T. Bentley.

Election of Officers for next year.

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Lime Kiln Near Brigham City

By Francis Christensen

It is probable that many people traveling Highway No. 89 between Brigham City and Logan have wondered what the cairn-like rock structure on the side of the mountain just north of Mantua is. Older folks will recognize it as a lime kiln.

It was built about the year 1892 by James Sheffield who burned lime there for about ten years until he was severely injured in a rock slide. At this time his son, Charles H. Sheffield, at the age of sixteen years assumed the job.

Inside, the kiln is shaped much like an ordinary electric light globe and lined with fire-brick.

The kiln was fired from the top—a layer of coal then a layer of rock, about two parts rock to one of coal. The rock was broken to a fairly uniform size with all the fine rock or dust being thrown out.

About two and one-half tons of coal per day was a standard oper-

ation. This netted fifty to seventy-five bushels of lime which was taken from the bottom of the kiln and delivered to the customer wherever masonry construction was going on. The price was thirty cents per bushel.

The fire burned constantly for six or eight months out of the year.

Mr. Sheffield says it was a pretty good business for eight or ten years until concrete took the place of rock foundations and other materials replaced lime as a mortar.

A similar, but smaller kiln is still standing about two miles north of Brigham City. This one was operated by Elias Jensen, who burned wood instead of coal. The wood was mostly cedar and the operation was begun at an earlier date. Mr. Jensen discontinued the use of the kiln and moved to his property located west of Brigham where he burned both lime and brick.

BOOK REVIEWS

By Virgil V. Peterson

Time and River Flowing — Grand Canyon, by Francois Leydet. Edited by David Brower, Sierra Club, San Francisco, \$25.

This magnificent volume with superb photography "exploits the investigating, reporting, and poetic skills of Francois Leydet." The full-color photographs are the work of Ansel Adams, David R. Brower, Clydre Childress, Joseph Hall, Philip Hyde, Katie Lee, Richard Norgaard, P. T. Reilly, and Clyde Thomas.

This presentation is a plea for conservation of one of our great natural beauty spots. Theodore Roosevelt, standing on the rim of the Grand Canyon in 1903 exclaimed, "In the Grand Canyon, Arizona has a natural wonder which, so far as I know, is in kind absolutely unparalleled. . . leave it as it is. You cannot improve on it. The ages have been at work on it and man can only mar it."

Sierra Club, famous for its beautiful publications, brings this work, as it has several others, through the philanthropic efforts of many "friends." If it can, through this medium, deter the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation from building dams in the Grand Canyon which "would destroy not only the living river but also the unique life forms that through the ages have come to depend upon the river's life," then one of the principal objectives of this effort will have been accomplished. And "if enough people care, and act according to what their love for the land and their reverence for life tells them is right, the tragedy will not come to pass."

Aside from accomplishing this principal objective, however, this volume stands as one of the finest creations of its kind. With its 101 full-colored photographs, its comprehensive narrative, its substantial binding, and its descriptive end papers on the Grand Canyon area by cartographers, James W. Cutter and Peter Slavinskis, it should find its way into every public library in the country and into the hands of many thinking and appreciative individuals.

FINAL WIND UP — SUP Air Tour to World Fair, Pageant, New York and Washington, D. C.

Personally conducted by DICK LAMBERT (Life member SUP)
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Dixie Mission Chapter 1965 Officers



Sitting, left to right: Arthur Cottam, Chaplain; Wilford A. Schultz, President; Arthur K. Hafen, Historian and Past President. Standing: Everett Syphus, First Vice President; Archie D. Wallis, Secretary; George H. Seegmiller, Second Vice President.

New Members from Jan. 1 to April 30, 1965

AT LARGE

Busath, LaMar P. Salt Lake City

Jackson, Elmer L., Logan
Johnson, Stanley, Salt Lake City

Kirk, A. C., Salt Lake City
Mills, Byron G., Salt Lake City
Mills, Ralph S., Salt Lake City
Newbold, Noal C., Murray
Pugsley, Albert, Salt Lake City
Quayle, William L., Logan

BOX ELDER CHAPTER

Christensen, Ellis L., Brigham City

Earl, Z. W., Brigham City
Hale, Elgie J., Brigham City
Holt, J. C., Brigham City
Isaacson, John L., Mantua
Jensen, Allston, Mantua
Jensen, Irvin F., Brigham City

Johnson, H. Dee, Brigham City
Kotter, Herman B., Brigham City

Larsen, Newel J., Mantua
Lee, Theron B., Brigham City
Olson, Dan F., Brigham City
Olson, Blaine F., Brigham City
Palmer, J. Oleen, Brigham City
Reeder, Frank O., Brigham City
Smith, William W., Brigham City

Tingey, Paul, Brigham City
Wight, Lewis S., Brigham City
Wright, P. L. (Lee), Brigham City

BRIGHAM YOUNG CHAPTER

Christensen, Calvin N., Provo
Dalley, S. J., Jr., Provo
Davis, William E., Provo

Izatt, Dr. Reed Mc., Provo
Jarvis, Wesley B., Provo

BUENA VENTURA CHAPTER

Heslop, Jesse, Kaysville

CEDAR CITY CHAPTER

Anderson, H. E., Cedar City
Applegate, James C., Cedar City

Chatterly, Clifton L., Cedar City

Fife, Otto, Cedar City

DIXIE MISSION CHAPTER

Burgess, Lester, St. George
Cannon, Claud, St. George
Stucki, F. K., St. George
Truman, Alma, St. George

EAST MILL CREEK CHAPTER

Gray, Oscar, Salt Lake City
Walker, F. Earl, Salt Lake City

(See Page 10)



SUP PROFILES



Angus C. Kirk

Angus C. Kirk was born November 12, 1895, in Salt Lake City, the son of Arthur Hartle and Cecilia Ann Condie Kirk. My father, at the age of 11 crossed the plains in 1861 with the Joseph Horne Company, with 13 persons in their wagon. My mother was born in Salt Lake City in 1854. I was the youngest of seven children. Our family resided in the Fourth Ward.

I attended city grade schools and the L.D.S. High School, and in the years 1920 to 1923 attended the University of Utah, majoring in Accounting and Business. I was recommended for a scholarship at Stanford University by Dean Thomas A. Beal.

As a boy, I worked at Auerbach's as cash boy and putting buttons on ladies' high top shoes. I was also a newspaper carrier. I was employed at Utah Power and Light Co. as office clerk and at Salt Lake and Utah Railroad as bookkeeper, also at I. Cline & Bros. Wholesale as accountant, and while employed there I volunteered in June 1917 to join the Utah National Guard, and we entered active service as the 145th Field Artillery Supply Command. I was the first casualty of this unit at Fort Douglas. We were later stationed at Camp Kearney, near San Diego, California.

On January 5, 1918, I married by pretty sweetheart, Hazel Rose,

a daughter of Benjamin and Sarah E. Rose of Salt Lake City. The marriage in San Diego, Calif. was performed by Chaplain Brigham H. Roberts. On February 21, 1918, our marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple.

We are the proud parents of one son and two daughters, Dr. Donald A. Kirk, M.D., Mrs. William J. (Mildred) Naylor, and Mrs. Melvin R. (Darlene) Van Duren, all of Salt Lake. We are also proud of our seventeen grandchildren. Our son, Donald, married Marian J. Seare and they had two sons and one daughter. Marian was killed in an airplane crash near Laramie, Wyoming while returning home from an European Tour of the Tabernacle Choir in 1955. Donald married Kathryn Fairbanks, December 3, 1956, and they are the parents of three sons and three daughters. Our daughter, Mildred, married William J. Naylor, a school principal in the Granite School District. They are the parents of three sons and two daughters. Our daughter, Darlene, married Melvin R. Van Duren, manager of the Dutch Boy Paint Store. They are the parents of two sons and one daughter.

After army services I became associated in business with the A. J. Kirk and Co., wholesalers of dry goods and notions, and was Treasurer, Director and Office Manager, and retired after 27 years, after an unsuccessful operation at Mayo Clinic of Rochester, Minn.

I was a delegate to National Association of Credit Men's convention at New York City, Pittsburgh and Seattle. I was a co-partner in Kirk-Naylor Heights, one of the first city sub-divisions after World War II.

I was president of the Elders Quorum in Wells Ward, also assistant scout master and troop committeeman, also Ward and Stake Home Missionary. I was Ward Clerk in Yalecrest Ward for nine years, also Secretary of the Seventies Quorum, and birthday card secretary of Bonneville High Priests Quorum.

I was a member of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce and a present member of S.U.P. and 145th Field Artillery Association and Disabled American Veterans.

October, 1943 and January, 1945 I went to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. After a spinal

operation I was told I would continue to get worse—Creeping Paralysis — due to growths in the spinal cord as a result of Spinal Meningitis. I then retired from business and have been in a wheel chair since 1946.

I enjoyed participation in most sports, but handball and fishing were my favorites. My present hobbies are flower gardening and coin collecting. My wife and I won second prize for Yard and Home Contest of the Deseret News. We reside at 1841 Yale Ave. I became a member of the Heber M. Wells, Sons of Utah Pioneers in 1934.

(From Page 9)

HOLLADAY CHAPTER

Aldous, Clarence M., Salt Lake City
Anderton, Elbert A., Salt Lake City
Chase, Harold W., Salt Lake City
Hale, Lynn G., American Fork
Headman, Everett, Salt Lake City

JEFFERSON HUNT CHAPTER

Bronson, LaVern, Huntsville
Smith, Clarence, Huntsville

OGDEN PIONEER

LUNCHEON CHAPTER

Butler, Wayne S., Ogden
Clegg, Niel C., South Ogden
Fowers, Wilford, Ogden
Hinchcliff, Virgil A., Ogden
Lofgreen, John Carr, Ogden
Ogden, Howard W., Ogden
Paul, David W., Ogden
Wise, Paul J., Ogden

OLD JUNIPER CHAPTER

Rich, Lyman H., Logan
Roskelley, R. W., Logan
Willardson, Lyman S., Logan

PIONEER CHAPTER

Aldous, Harold E., Salt Lake City
Grant, Richard, Salt Lake City
Landvatter, Alfred W., Salt Lake City
North, Dick F., Sandy
Rasmussen, Don, Sandy
Sorensen, Calvin, Salt Lake City

SALT LAKE LUNCHEON CLUB CHAPTER

Bambrough, Joseph W., Salt Lake City
Jackson, Elvon L., Salt Lake City
Nelson, Joseph S., Salt Lake
Noall, Matthew F., Salt Lake
(See Page 11)

Museums Conference Held May 1, 1965

The second annual conference of the Utah Museum Association was held at the D.U.P. and Temple Square buildings Saturday, May 1, 1965. It was a grand success. The Program Committee consisted of Carl H. Jones of the Man and His Bread Museum of Logan, Albert Culverwell, Museum Specialist with the Intermountain Region U. S. Forest Service, and Everett L. Cooley of the Utah Historical Society.

Miss Arminta Neal of the Department of Graphic Design from the Denver Museum of Natural History spoke and also headed up the work shop which was very interesting.

An outstanding feature of the conference was a gun demonstration put on by Moroni Schindler of the Pioneer Village Museum. It is said his demonstration went over with a "BANG."

It is our understanding that the 1966 conference will be held at the Pioneer Village the first part of May.

NOTICE to program directors of SUP Chapters:

Mr. Schindler could put on a very interesting thirty to forty minute program at one of your chapter meetings.

(From Page 10)

Ostler, J. Elmo, Salt Lake City
Peterson, Willis S., Salt Lake City

Pritchett, Ernest E., Salt Lake City

Winter, John R., Salt Lake City

SUGAR HOUSE CHAPTER

Gale, A. LeRoy, Salt Lake City
Grow, Richard W., Salt Lake City

Healy, Shirl, Salt Lake City
Kirby, Gordon I., Salt Lake City

Pack, Alvin G., Salt Lake City
Webb, Hudson, Salt Lake City

TEMPLE QUARRY CHAPTER

Asay, LeGrand, Sandy
Brady, Kenneth A., Sandy
Jacobson, Willis L., West Jordan

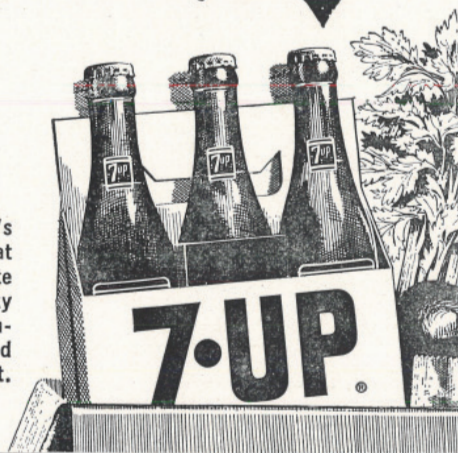
Maxfield, E. O., Riverton
Norton, Douglas J., Sandy
Page, Roland, Riverton
Thurber, M. Vern, Orem

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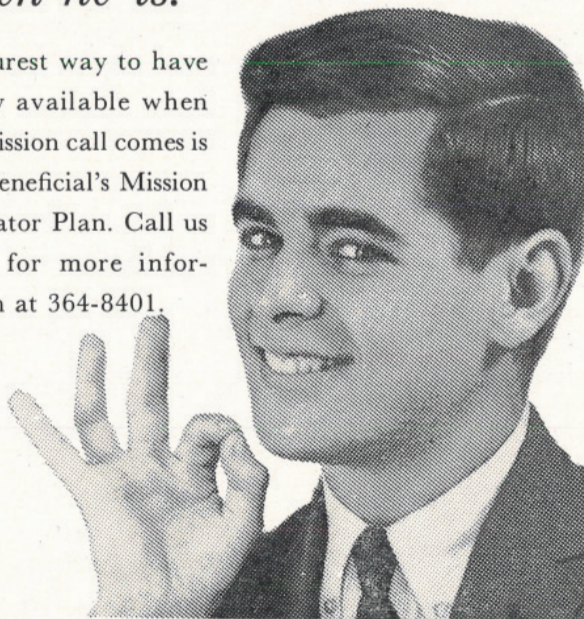
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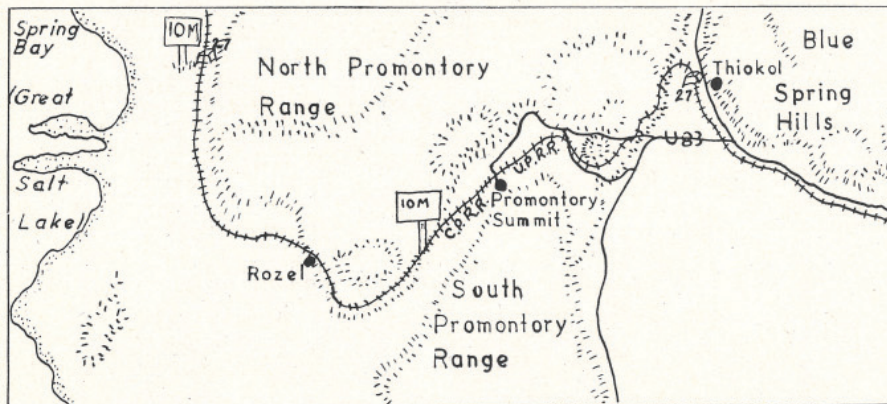
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Back row. Left to right — Verne Eliasin, Mack Woolley (visitor), Grant Hale, Karl Hale. Center row — Henry Florence, President Joseph McDonald, Karl Merrell, Scott Beazer. Bottom row. Lew Dunn, George Quist, Archie Aldous, Mark Jackman.



Central and Union Pacific Railroad's Track Laying April 28 to May 10, 1869.

End of Track 
April 27, 1869

Ten Miles of Track 
April 28, 1869

Scale: 0 4 5 6 7 8

The Last 14 Miles . . . See Article Page 21

We all seem to be compelled to give advice. Try and stop giving advice. People don't want it, won't take it, though they may need it.

The Meek shall inherit the earth—too meek to refuse—and too proud to stay meek after they get it.

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JULY

16—Leave Salt Lake this Friday evening at 8 p.m. in new air-ride, air-conditioned buses from Lewis Bros. Bus Depot, 360 South West Temple St. In order to gain an extra day in New York we will travel overnight and breakfast in Denver.

17—From Denver to Hayes, Kansas for hotel for the night.

18—Leave Hayes for Kansas City. We will visit Independence, Missouri, Liberty Jail, and many other Church points of interest.

19—Leave Kansas City for Springfield, Illinois. Enroute, visit the Nauvoo Restoration Project, Mansion House, Nauvoo House, Temple site, Pioneer homes, Mississippi River where the Saints crossed on the ice. A stop at the Carthage Jail where the Prophet Joseph and his brother, Hyrum were martyred.

20—Leave Springfield, see Lincoln's Tomb and Home. Arrive at Columbus, Ohio.

21—Leave Columbus and arrive at Washington, D. C., the nation's Capital.

22—We will have a professional guided tour all day. We hope to deliver a personal letter to LBJ from Pres. David O. McKay. See Arlington Cemetery, President Kennedy's grave, George Washington's home at Mt. Vernon, Va. Remain in Washington again to night.

23—Leave Washington for New York and "old Broadway" via Gettysburg and Philadelphia, visiting Liberty Bell, Independence Hall, Betsy Ross' home.

24—"UTAH DAY" at the World's Fair. Mormon Pavilion, etc. The day is yours to absorb what you can in this mile square of exhibits: educational religious, cultural, industrial, etc.

25—Sunday: We will rest while taking a Grayline tour of the City and also the boat ride to the Statue of Liberty. See Cathedral of St. John, then down 5th Avenue to the Empire State Building, China Town, The Bowery, United Nations, Wall Street, etc., etc. We hope to make arrangements to meet for one meeting at one of the LDS Chapels.

26—Today you will tackle the Fair again with new energy to see the outstanding displays which you missed before. If you prefer,

you may go shopping, rest at the hotel or visit friends. However, if you deviate from the regular schedule, you must report in advance to Bus Captain.

27—Leave New York City for Palmyra, Cumorah Pageant, Sacred Grove, Joseph Smiths' Home, Martin Harris' Farm, Bureau of Information. Dinner this afternoon is served by the Relief Society of Palmyra. Following the world famous Pageant we will go to our hotel at Rochester, N.Y. on Lake Ontario's shore.

28—Leave this beautiful city and go to Niagara Falls for another honeymoon. From here we will travel on Canadian soil all day to Detroit, entering through the "Tube" under the river.

29—In Detroit we hope to visit Col. Cooke's grave, tour an auto plant and carry a message to Gov. Romney from Utah's Governor Rampton. We will then cross the State of Michigan which is surrounded on three sides by water, and spend the night in grand old Chicago.

30—Leave Chicago for Omaha, visiting Winter Quarters, Mormon Cemetery, Mormon Bridge.

31—Omaha to Cheyenne, with a stop at Boys' Town.

AUGUST

1—Cheyenne to Salt Lake City. The last day of a great trip with new experiences and choice friends.

GENERAL INFORMATION

INCLUDED in fare: Round trip bus transportation in first class, air-conditioned buses from Salt Lake City and return; all necessary transportation in cities and towns.

Hotels: Good hotel accommodations every night except the 16th when we travel to Denver. If single room is desired, fee will be \$5 extra per night.

Sightseeing is included, along with boat trip to the Statue of Liberty. Grayline tour in New York City; professional guide in Washington.

Tips: For one suitcase only, in and out of hotels.

Entrance Fees: Two entrance tickets to the World Fair; fees for the U. S. Capitol, Empire State Building, Mt. Vernon.

Dinner at Palmyra.

NOT INCLUDED: Meals, laundry, hotel personal service,

phone call from hotel room. Accident insurance while off the bus. Pillow for use on the bus during the tour.

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SUP PROFILES



John F. Howells, Jr.

Most people will remember John F. Howells, Jr. as Jack Howells, the football star from the University of Utah during the Twenties, who was one of the first to receive All American recognition. He was the first captain of the "U" to play in the stadium the year it was dedicated in 1927. He would like very much to get down to his playing weight of 158 pounds now but alas, those days are gone forever. Twenty-one years after he played and during the Utah Centennial year he was chosen as one of the ten all-time football heroes of Utah football.

John F. Howells, Jr. was the third of six children born to John F. Howells and Matilda Hurley Howells. His father was a former sheriff of Salt Lake County and his mother was a convert to the Church from England. John F. Howells was a charter member and one of the organizers of the Democratic Party of the State of Utah. Both his father and grandfather cut stone on Temple Square and helped build the Salt Lake Temple.

On May 29, 1934, Jack was married to Josephine Romney Stewart in the Salt Lake Temple

by President Heber J. Grant. They have been blessed with two children and four grandchildren. His son, John F. the third was just recently made a member of the High Council of the Servicemen's District of the Bavarian Mission in Germany. Their daughter, Jodie, is attending the B.Y.U.

Jack has spent over thirty years of activity in the Church in Los Angeles and at present is a member of the High Council of the Los Angeles Stake. He is in his 29th year with one of the largest life insurance companies of the nation and has served in many capacities. He organized the San Fernando Life Underwriters' Association and became its Charter President. He was also a director of the Los Angeles Life Association and was a member of its Speaker's Caravan.

In 1946, with the help of Vice President William E. Nelson of the S.U.P., Jack organized the California Chapter and was responsible for getting eight members of this chapter to make the Centennial Trek in 1947. When the city of Los Angeles decided to commemorate Fort Moore and honor the Mormon Battalion, Jack was made a member of the official committee and the Sons elected him president of the California Chapter in which he served with distinction for seven years until the Monument was built and dedicated. It now stands as a million dollar salute to the Mormon Battalion and the gallant pioneers. Through his contacts with the City and County of Los Angeles, he was instrumental in placing approximately 500 of the Church books in the City and County libraries.

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BOOK REVIEW

By Virgil V. Peterson

Navaho Expedition. Journal of a Military Reconnaissance from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to the Navaho Country, Made in 1849 by Lieutenant James H. Simpson. Edited and annotated by Frank McNitt. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. \$5.95.

The University of Oklahoma Press is to be commended for bringing to print again this most interesting account of the 1849 expedition of Lt. James H. Simpson into the Navaho country, then virtually a *terra incognita*. It was originally published as a Senate Executive Document.

Identified as Volume 43 of The American Exploration and Travel Series of the UOP, the value of this report is richly enhanced by the annotating of Editor McNitt, well-known author and associate publisher of the Southbridge (Massachusetts) *Evening News*. His lengthy introduction and comprehensive footnoting coupled with the epilogue and appendices lend a wealth of background and side-light material.

Commissioned by the Army Corps of Topographical Engineers, Simpson was accompanied to the New Mexico Territory by a military force commanded by Col. John M. Washington and a Mexican militia detachment under the direction of Henry L. Dodge. Guides and interpreters were also on hand. The first Indian Agent to this territory, James S. Calhoun, was with the party, as were the Kern brothers, Richard and Edward, who were responsible for the excellent maps, sketches, and water colors in the report.

Simpson was a keen observer and an accurate recorder making this expedition and the subsequent report most valuable as an aid in future planning for a transcontinental railroad route, other military expeditions, guiding of emigrant trains, and the selection of Indian reservations.

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Secretary And Mrs. T. M. Woolley Celebrate 50 Years Married

The above picture was taken of Wilda and Mack Woolley at the SUP Hall, Sunday, May 2, 1965. They were celebrating their 50th Wedding Anniversary. It was a wonderful celebration, and many of their family and friends called to wish them well.

Names of Places and Things in Utah and How They Got Them

By T. M. Woolley

Arches National Monument in Grand County was created a National Monument in 1929 to preserve and make accessible an area studded with striking erosional landforms west of the Colorado River, north of Moab. The monument is comprised of two sections, the Windows and Devil's Garden. The name derives from arches formed during long geologic eras by water, freezing and thawing, wind blown sand, and other agencies of erosion in a 300 foot thick stratum of red rock called Entrada Sandstone.

Ash Creek in Washington County drains the narrow valley from New Harmony southward to its confluence with LaVerkin Creek which is the north tributary of the Virgin River. It was named by John D. Lee in 1852 from the small ash tree or shrub growing along its banks.

Ashley Creek in Uintah County, drains a southeastern area of the Uinta Mountains. It flows southeasterly into the Green River. South of the mountains its course broadens out in Ashley Valley, a rich farming and oil producing district. The creek and the valley were named for Gener-

al William H. Ashley of St. Louis who led the fur trade on the Green River and its tributaries and also adjacent regions in the early 1820's.

Bear's Ears in San Juan County, are two knolls near the southern end of Elk Ridge west of the Obajo Mountains. The Spanish name was "Orejas Del Oso," meaning the "ears of the bear," which was the first name applied to them. It was later Americanized to Bear's Ears. The pass between the ears is traversed by the highway from Blanding to the National Bridges National Monument.

Bridge Canyon is in San Juan County and drains part of the northwestern slope of the Navajo Mountain into the Colorado River. It is spanned by Rainbow Natural Bridge. The Navajo name of the canyon is "Sebige-hotson." The waters of Lake Powell will back well up into this canyon.

Callao is a ranch hamlet in Juab County on the edge of the Great Salt Lake Desert. This place was first called Willow Springs, but a resident who had visited South America and liked Callao, Peru, had the name changed on his return home to this Spanish name.

Carrington Island in the Great Salt Lake was so named by Captain Howard Stansbury for Albert Carrington, a member of the Mormon community, who was acting as an assistant on the survey.

BOOK REVIEW

By Virgil V. Peterson

American Heritage, Volume XVI, Number 2, American Heritage Publishing Co., New York. \$3.95, annual \$15.00.

This issue of *American Heritage* features on the cover a reproduction of a painting of Brigham Young by W. W. Majors. He is shown in the uniform of the Nauvoo Legion in 1844. The original of this painting hangs in Daughters of Utah Pioneers Memorial Museum. Included also is an article by Mary Cable, entitled, "She Who Shall Be Nameless." Mary Cable is the great, great granddaughter of Augusta Adams Cobb Young, one of Brigham Young's wives who heard the Gospel in Boston and migrated westward. The story is told interestingly but only partly accurate. In order to get material on her ancestor, the author has quoted from prejudiced sources resulting in a degree of distortion.

The volume also features some interesting material on the John Adams family, on Zebulon Pike, Warren G. Harding and on the history of the Mardi Gras. As usual there is an abundance of color and black and white illustrations.

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New Officers Elected May 5, 1965 - S. U. P. Luncheon Club - Salt Lake



SUP Luncheon Club Chapter officers for 1965-66 (left to right) back row — Paul Woodruff, Golden Buchanan, L. O. Halgren, Wilbur Parkinson, Virgil Peterson, Richard Folland, George Lloyd, Alex Anderson, Don Van Dam. Seated (left to right)—Lorenzo Young, President Lowell Castleton, LaMont Felt, Hoyt Brewster.

W. L. Castleton, President; C. Lamont Felt, First Vice President "Days of 47;" Vice Chairman, Joel Richards; Lorenzo S. Young, Second Vice President, Membership; Vice Chairman, Howard O. Miller; Hoyt Brewster, Third Vice President, Publication & Publicity; Vice Chairman, S. Ross Fox; George C. Lloyd, Executive Secretary & Treasurer, Budget & Finance; Vice Chairman, J. Max Solberg; Paul A. Woodruff, Recording Secretary; Vice Chairman, Lee Nebeker; Virgil V. Peterson, Immediate Past President, Nomination; Vice Chairmen. Chas. R. Bird and Sheldon Brewster; Dr. L. O. Holgren, Director 1 Year, Birthday Project; Vice Chairman, J. Norman Jorgensen; Don Van Dam, Director 1 Year, Attendance & Visitation; Vice Chairman, Henry Volker; Richard E. Folland, Director 1 Year, Projects; Vice Chairman, Elwood Winters; Alex P. Anderson, Director 2 Years, Programs; Vice Chairman, Seldon N. Heaps; Golden R. Buchanan, Director 2 Years, Entertainment; Vice Chairman, John O. Simonsen; Wilbur C. Parkinson, Director 2 Years, National Encampments & Treks; Vice Chairman, Preston W. Parkinson; Clarence R. Walters and Lawrence S. Pinnock, Auditing Committee.

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SUP PROFILES



Elwood Lister Slade

Elwood Lister Slade, member of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, first with Pony Express Chapter, Weber County, under the Captainship of the late Ernest McKay, and one of the most active members later of the SUP Mormon Battalion.

Brother Slade, the son of William and Mamie Lister Slade, was born December 3, 1896, at Panguitch, where he helped his father who was a stockman. He always had a love for horses, and it is no wonder that even today he and his wife, Cora, whom he met while roller skating, share the common interest and have the finest pair of white Arabian Geldings in the West. In fact, they have a houseful of trophies and cups they have won.

Brother Slade was chosen to make the last run of the recent National J. C. Pony Express ride into Denver, Colorado. They took their animals to ride in the parade when the famous Mormon Bridge of Nebraska was dedicated and also led the SUP Mormon Battalion in the participation at the Tucson, Arizona National Parade on February 22, 1963, where no "horseless carriages" are allowed, helping win the Sweepstakes Cup for SUP.

Mr. Slade was Grand Marshal

of the Ogden Pioneer Days Celebration last year, riding his beautiful white horse. We will never forget the artistic red costumes the Slades wore in Tucson. She rides side saddle, which very few women can do. They never miss an SUP Trek.

Brother Slade has always been a member in the Church. He is a very humble man, talks little and does very much for everyone. He is a member of the Weber County Sheriff's Mounted Posse. His wife is always the life of every party, and always has a smile.

One son, Clyde L., and four girls, Mrs. Rada Taylor, Mrs. Dean Telford, Mrs. Peggy Holmes, Mrs. Carole Mickelson, and a large number of grandchildren have blessed their home at 552 17th Street, Ogden.

Brother Slade's great-grandfather, Thomas Lister, made the Liberty Bell, crossed the plains and was in Captain Quen Thomas Company B. Mormon Battalion.

New Food Plants Found Here

By James H. Miller

Most important among the food plants found in America by Europeans was corn. Other New World foods include sweet potatoes and tapioca.

The Apache Indians ate "desert beans" which grew along the edge of dry southwestern parts of North America.

A certain tree, the avocado, is native to parts of the New World. This tree provides fruit which is popular as food in Mexico, Cuba, California and elsewhere.

It is a British custom to speak of different grains as "corn." People in England often say "corn" when they mean wheat, their most popular grain. The Scots sometimes call oats "corn."

True corn, as known on the western side of the Atlantic, is the grain also called "maize" or "Indian corn." This excellent cereal was sent to Europe and planted there, after white explorers and settlers reach the New World. Today it is grown in all inhabited continents of the globe.

Perhaps of equal importance is the white potato. This potato was grown by some Indians and its first native home was a certain section of South America. Later

DAYS OF '47 1965 PROGRAM

May 22 (Sat.), Contest; June 19 (Sat.), Coronation, Queen's Committee, Vidella Vance, Chairman.

July 5 (Mon.), Bell Ringing, 9:30 a.m., Daughters' of Pioneer Museum.

July 5 (Mon.) Cavalcade at Derk's Field, 8 p.m., William A. Dunn, Chairman; Esdale Kelsey, Co-chairman.

July 13 (Tues.) Pops Concert, 8:30 p.m., Eugene Jelesnik, Chairman; Joe L. Christensen, Co-chairman; Aleen Summers, Co-chairman.

July 14 (Wed.) Pioneer Dance (Liberty Park), 8:30 p.m., LaVon Pedersen, Chairman; Wendall Taylor, Co-chairman.

July 15 & 16 (Thurs. & Fri.) Pioneer Park Celebration, 7:30 p.m., Sheldon R. Brewster, Chairman; Thelma M. Holbrook, Co-chairman.

July 19 (Mon.) Horse Parade, 6:00 p.m., Jack Edwards, Chairman.

July 21 - 23 - 24 (Wed. - Fri. - Sat.) Tabernacle Pageant, 8:30 p.m., Clair L. Likes, Chairman.

July 19 to 23 (Mon. through Fri.) Hi-Noon Hilarities (Downtown) 12:00-1:30 p.m., Fred C. Wolters, Jr., Chairman; Ted Kirkmeyer, Co-chairman.

July 19 to 24 (Mon. through Sat.) Rodeo, 8 p.m.; Jack Whitesides, Chairman; Minerva Butler, Co-chairman.

July 20 (Thurs.) Youth Parade, 9 a.m., Veryl Meyrick, Chairman; Darlene Parkinson, Co-chairman.

July 24 (Sat.) Parade, 9:00 a.m. C. Oscar Drake, Chairman; Katie Fairbanks, Co-chairman.

July 24 (Sat.) Salt Lake Municipal Band Concert (Liberty Park Bandstand—4 p.m.), Marvin H. Strong, Director; C. A. Thomas, Manager.

Tabernacle Rehearsals — July 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 4 to 10 p.m.

it became a crop in parts of North America.

An old record tells us that Sir Walter Raleigh took white potatoes to Ireland. They were planted by farmers of the Emerald Isle and became the most important crop in Ireland. They grew so well in Irish soil that they became known as Irish Potatoes.

From Raymond Croffman's article



SUP PROFILES



Albert Pugsley

Albert Pugsley, born July 29, 1897, retired as Office Manager of the Deseret News Press, December 31, 1963, following 13 years of service to the company.

In addition to office manager, Mr. Pugsley served as accountant and personnel manager of the plant. He also worked for a Certified Public Accounting firm for a short time following his company retirement.

Mr. Pugsley was auditor of the Salt Lake City Board of Education for 20 years and after that worked for a Certified Public Accounting Company for eight years.

During 20 years of active service in the Boy Scouts of America program he served as scoutmaster of three troops, district director and commissioner of the Highland District.

Mr. Pugsley served in the Air Force during World War I. He is a descendant of pioneer ancestry on both sides. His grandfather, Philip Pugsley, came from England as a church convert. He traveled across the plains in a large wagon drawn by oxen. He was quite well fixed financially and built and operated the first flour mill, tannery and soap factories in the Salt Lake Valley. Grandfather, John Druce, also came from England as a church convert. He was the first silver smith in the Valley. Albert's mother, Nellie May Druce Pugsley,

THOUSANDS USED SALT LAKE CUTOFF GOLD SEEKERS' ROUTE

By James H. Miller

One of the important pioneer trails has been somewhat neglected by historians, while the Oregon Trail and California Trail to the West Coast and the Bozeman Trail north to the Montana gold fields have been thoroughly discussed and written about.

A trail that was busy in the mid 1880's was the Salt Lake Cutoff that led north and west from Salt Lake City into Southern Idaho where it joined the California Trail from Fort Hall, south and west through Nevada.

The cutoff went through Salt Lake, Davis, Weber and Box Elder Counties. The cutoff was a busy route in 1848 and for several years afterward. California bound gold miners outfitted at Salt Lake City and then went north. Thousands of wagons and tens of thousands of cattle and horses went over the trail. The traffic decreased in 1869 when the trans-

was one of Utah's most noted singers. She was soprano soloist for the Tabernacle Choir for over 20 years.

As an active member of the L.D.S. Church, Albert has served in various ward and stake positions and was a ward clerk, having worked in this position for the past nine years.

As an ardent sportsman, he is a member of a duck club and enjoys fishing, hunting, baseball, basketball and golfing. Travel is also a favorite pastime as he has visited many parts of our continent.

Mr. Pugsley and his wife, Lila, reside at 1235 East Warnock Avenue. They have two married daughters and 13 grandchildren.

In May of 1965 they accepted a call to serve in the French East Mission for the L.D.S. Church.

continental railroad was joined at Promontory.

The story of the cutoff actually began in 1828-29 when Peter Skeen Ogden, with a party of trappers, camped at the north end of the lake in the vicinity of Snowville.

Capt. Samuel J. Hensley of the U. S. Army led a group of ten soldiers over the trail and to California in 1848. In Northern Utah they met a party of the Mormon Battalion who had enlisted for the Mexican War and were on their way back to Salt Lake City.

1841 TRAIN

Earlier than this history, says John C. Freemont, the "Pathfinder," was in the area in 1843. Even earlier, a wagon train known as the Barleson - Bidwell emigrant outfit, used part of the trail in 1841 on the way to California.

The trail led north from Salt Lake City through the Bountiful, Centerville and Farmington areas. Generally it followed along the foothills. Near the present Davis County experiment farm it swung west on the north side of the present golf course. It then bent southwest to where Shepherd's Lane is now located, west about a mile, and then bent northwest of the present town of Layton. Then it ran west of West Point and farther north a half mile east of Hooper.

The trail went past the old sugar factory at about 5900 West and continued north to the Plain City and Hot Springs area. The route was along the foothills to what is now Brigham City, Honeysville, Deweyville and Collinston. Bear River was forded at the Hampton Bridge site between Collinston and Fielding. Farther west the trail crossed the Malad River at Rocky Ford and then went six miles north of Garland. The trail continued west through Hansel Valley, named for the Army Captain. It went south of Snowville to the vicinity of Pilot Springs and Cedar Creek. It then swung north past Naf, Bridge and Almo, Idaho.

The cutoff met the Fort Hall-California Trail near the "City of Rocks," an area of weird rock formations.

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On The Move With The Mormon Battalion

Marvin E. Smith

Mormon Battalion Day was held in Logan April 10th. Vern B. Muir is to be congratulated for fine arrangements and a wonderful banquet. Re-elected were: Earl A. Hansen as Commanding Officer, S. Richard Keddington as Finance Officer. The three division officers were elected to another term in the same position: Vern B. Muir, S. R. Brewster and Mayor Verl G. Dixon. Ladies' elections were as follows: Mary Goodman, President; Cora Slade, 1st Vice President; Leota Peterson, 2nd Vice President; and Mrs. S. R. Brewster, Secretary.

Features of the banquet included a talk on Freedom by Maj. Gen. Maurice Watts of the Utah National Guard; presentation of certificates of service to all Battalion appointive officers who were automatically released; and honors to living children of original Battalion members—about seven are known at this time, and a few were able to be in attendance.

* * *

The New York Trek is drawing real interest. Two buses are already filled, and we are told that only one more is available. After all, it isn't often that you can travel with choice friends to see historic points, the World Fair, and the Cumorah Pageant all on the same trip.

"Your Historian's Corner"

By H. H. Jensen

With the help of back files of *SUP News*, with cooperation of all past and present officers and members of SUP Mormon Battalion, and through wonderful minutes kept, and many newspaper clipping, I have been enabled to get out a "BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SUP MORMON BATTALION." This goes back to SUP Battalion 1950 Trek, to founding of modern SUP Mormon Battalion.

So far no chapter SUP history is complete enough for me to attempt even a brief history of the SUP, although SUP Luncheon Club is trying to find their minutes. Gaylen Young, historian, has done an excellent job on this,

Ray L. Ashton and wife, Pearl, were given a missionary farewell April 25th at the Stratford Ward prior to their departure for the Texas Mission. Ray has been an officer and supervised the collection of history of the original members of the Battalion.

* * *

Stephen West, the young bugler who paraded with the Battalion at the Kennedy Inaugural, and many times since, is answering a new call. You are invited to his missionary farewell at 2:30 p.m., June 20th at the Monument Park 9th Ward.

* * *

A feature of the annual SUP Mormon Battalion banquet at Logan, Saturday, April 10, was the presenting of an oil painting by Charles Davidson McAlister, 80-year-old artist, to Lt. Col. Harold H. Jensen whose idea it was in July, 1947 at Mt. Pisgah, Iowa, on the Centennial Trek, to found a modern Battalion in honor of the 2,000 mile march of the famous Mormon Battalion. This has been done, and it is hoped to have 500, the exact quota asked for when President Brigham Young heeded the call to take up arms against Mexico. Although the original Battalion members went without uniforms to give the \$24,000 to enable the pioneers and their families to cross the plans, today's vet-

which shows the necessity of filing original minute books in a safe place.

The Box Elder Chapter has written a most complete and up-to-date history, thanks to Secretary James H. Miller, Adolph Reeder, and others. Logan Temple Fork and the Old Juniper Chapter have promised to send in copy. Dr. Earl Pardoe of Provo B.Y.U. Chapter and Rulon Morgan of George Albert Smith Chapter are at work on theirs. The St. George and Pony Express Chapters have sent in histories of organization.

PLEASE, IF YOU WANT HELP, YOU MUST COOPERATE. I WILL BE GLAD TO ASSIST BUT CANNOT DO THIS WITHOUT YOUR HELP. GET OLD MINUTE BOOKS TOGETHER.



Artist McAlister and Painting

erans wear Mexican Blues. Col. Jensen is shown in this uniform and presented Sergeant McAlister an enlarged picture of the artist.

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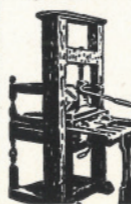
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OFFSET LETTER PRESS

Books On Mormon Battalion Presented To President David O. McKay



President David O. McKay was the recipient recently of two beautifully leatherbound books, each of which is an eyewitness account of the march of the Mormon Battalion to the west coast.

These books are reprints of volumes which have become very scarce. A *Concise History of the Mormon Battalion in the Mexican*

War, 1846-1847, by Sgt. Daniel Tyler, a member of the Mormon Battalion, was first printed in 1881. P. St. George Cooke, commander of the Mormon Battalion from Santa Fe to Los Angeles, authored the other volume entitled *The Conquest of New Mexico and California, 1846-1848*. It was originally printed in 1878.

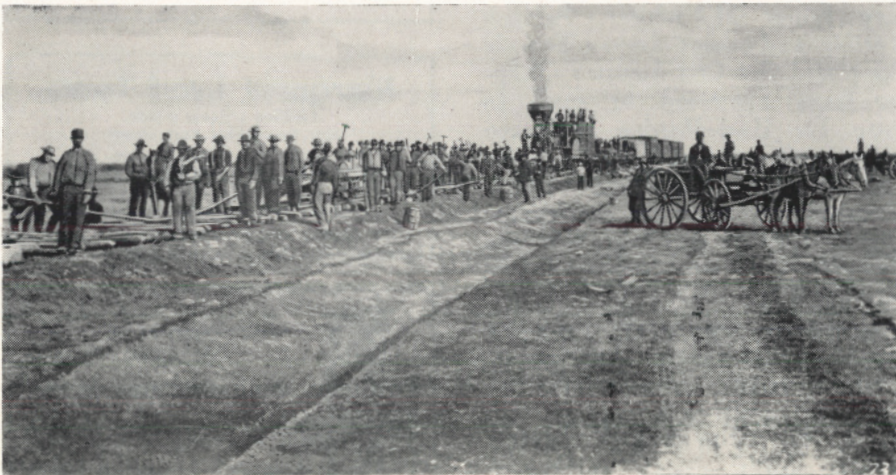
Presentation of the books was made by Virgil V. Peterson, president of the Luncheon Club, and Elwood G. Winters, chairman of the projects committee.

These handsome volumes, with President McKay's name inscribed, were made available to the Club for presentation through the kindness and courtesy of Robert B. McCoy, president of the Rio Grande Press, Inc., Chicago, publishers of these new editions.

In his customary affable manner, President McKay made this remark on receiving the books, "It is a choice gift, and I appreciate it very much."

Words?

There are 56 words in the Lord's Prayer
266 in Gettysburg Address
297 in the Ten Commandments
300 in the Declaration of Independence
26,911 in Government order on cabbage prices.



Laying Rails — 1869

THE LAST FOURTEEN MILES

By Jesse H. Jameson

As the distance between the Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads narrowed in 1868 and 1869, the urgency for more miles of track laid per day became greater, because the junction site would be where the two lines met. The obvious goal of each company was to exclude the other from the Salt Lake Valley area with its large potential markets. Congress foresaw the evils of such a race and on April 10, 1869, declared that Promontory, Utah, should be the junction point. Despite this Congressional decision, the earlier race between the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific track laying crews continued, and each tried to establish a permanent, unassailable record.

By April 26, 1869, the Union Pacific's track layers were nine and one-half miles from Promontory Summit, Junction City, but track laying came to a halt while grading crews continued their work of preparing a three-and-one-half mile cut and a section of trestle work along the eastern face of the North Promontory Range. As of this same date, April 26, the Central Pacific's Chinese and white workers had extended their roadway beyond Monument Point and Lower Hansel Valley to the Rozel Flats. With only fourteen miles between them and their goal at Promontory Summit, the Central had the Union in checkmate for the record of laying the most tracks in one day. A boast of ten miles of railroad construction in one day was given, the challenge was accepted, a wager of ten thousand dollars reportedly was made and the race was begun.

After carefully massing supplies, men, and equipment at Rozel Flats, Strobridge and Crocker of the Central planned to launch their drive east on April 27, 1869, but an accident caused a twenty-four hour postponement for TMT—Ten Miles of Track-Day. Early on the morning of April 28, the Central's Chinese and white crews started to push the line of rails to Promontory Summit as the somewhat skeptical observers of the Union Pacific watched. The coordinated, drilled movement of the crews was almost perfect automation. The tie-laying crews took ties from the horse-towed wagons

and quickly set these sleepers in position on the roadbed. Two teams of four men, one team on each side of the road bed, grasped the rails on the flat bed cart that had been pushed to the end of the tracks and with a "heave ho" lifted the iron off the flatbed. The tracklayers then moved forward at a quick trot and dropped the rail into place at the command "Drop." Hardly had the rails been positioned than skilled crews of spikers advanced and drove the bare essential spikes into the end ties, enabling the flatbed cart to move ahead again. Other men moved in at double time to bolt the fish plates amid the swinging of hammers of other spikemen. The ballasting crews of Chinese completed the job of smoothing the roadbed and tamping the dirt and gravel. As soon as a section of track was ready, men armed with crowbars stepped into the scene and properly aligned the rails while at the head of the track, the flatbed cart was ever grinding onward. When the cart was unloaded, it was tipped off the rails to make room for the iron-loaded vehicle behind it. So smooth and rapid was the movement of men and materials that during the first six hours of work, rails were laid, if placed end to end in a single line, at the rate of two hundred and forty feet per

minute, or in parallel tracks at the rate of one hundred and twenty feet per minute!

All morning long the crews toiled across the Rozell Flats with hardly a pause for more than a dipper of water from the buckets of the water boys. The men who placed the heavy rails — oddly enough sons of Erin, Thomas Daily, Patrick Joyce Edward Keoleen, Michael Kennedy, Fred McNamara, Michael Shay, Michael Sullivan, and George Wyatt — and their white and Chinese helpers rolled over the site of the future station of Rozel about noon, along a small salient that extended westward from the North Promontory Range, and through a prepared cut that neighbored a Union Pacific cut. A lunch stop was called, and the white workers raced back to the field kitchen that had been set up to the rear of the operations while the Chinese merely opened their sack lunches. A record of eight miles of track had already been established by the Central, but the Union still had nine miles of track between its advanced elements and Promontory Summit. Somewhat fatigued and with a diminishing supply of materials to work with, the Central workers renewed their push northeasterly to Promontory Summit but at a much slower pace. By 7 p.m. the Central had completed a record distance of ten miles and two hundred feet of track laying in one day. James Campbell operated a locomotive over this new construction in forty minutes, proving its worth.

One can grasp the magnitude of this operation when the following statistics are considered. In order to lay the ten miles of track, the Central Pacific used 25,800 ties, 3,520 iron rails, 55,000 spikes, 7,040 fishplates, and 14,080 bolts. In addition, four thousand men were needed, but according to a writer in the *Deseret News Weekly*, the record-making track-laying crew consisted of only 848 men and ninety-two horses, and, I might add, eight tired Irishmen who had lifted and dropped two million pounds of iron that day. What frequently is forgotten is the fact that the railroad telegraph line went up at the same time as the road was constructed.

History does not say, nor are we sure of the witnesses to this

(See Page 22)



(From Page 21)

epic ten-mile race. We can imagine that many members of the Union Pacific crews wandered from their work some time during the day to hills overlooking the line of operation in order to see the Chinese and their fellow Caucasian workers achieve a real triumph. The Central Pacific, proud of its work, placed a sign advertising this achievement on the south side of the track four miles outside of Promontory Summit and another some ten miles to the west at the beginning point of the race. One can only wistfully hope that someday the last fourteen miles of the Central and the last nine of the Union will receive the respect and dignity of a federal monument.

The wind blows almost unceasingly over Promontory Summit and if one listens carefully he can still hear the sound of picks and shovels, the dropping of rails, the driving of spikes by the workers as they build the line of tracks, and the foremen calling Tom Daily, Pat Joyce, Ed Keoleen, Mike Kennedy, Fred McNamara, Mike Shay, Mike Sullivan, and George Wyatt as well as Ho Ming, Chang en Lie, Chou Ling, and other sons of the Celestial Kingdom.

BOOK REVIEW

By Virgil V. Peterson

A Concise History of the Mormon Battalion in the Mexican War, 1846-1847, by Sgt. Daniel Tyler. The Rio Grande Press, Inc., Chicago. \$8.00.

The Conquest of New Mexico and California in 1846-1848, by Philip St. George Cooke. The Rio Grande Press, Inc. Chicago. \$8.00.

These two fine volumes, reprinted by The Rio Grande Press, Inc., are reviewed jointly because they compliment each other in portraying the background and history of the march of the Mormon Battalion. First printed more than 80 years ago, these books have become collectors' items, demanding almost unrealistic prices.

Tyler's story is told in an unpolished but highly informative and interesting style with much detail. It is written from the viewpoint of a non-commissioned officer who suffered most of the privations of the men who held no rank. Colonel Cooke's account is "a real gem of high adventure, written by a man not too well known outside scholarly and military circles, yet whose name ought to be as common to Americans today as that of John Fremont or Zebulon Pike." It is interesting to

note that the New Mexico State Department of Education has recently adopted this volume as supplement reading in history in their public schools.

It was largely through the efforts of Col. Thomas L. Kane, one of the great benefactors of the Latter-day Saints, that the Mormon Battalion was called as a part of Gen. Stephen W. Kearney's Army of the West. The call for 500 volunteers came in the summer of 1846 as the Saints were trekking their way across Iowa.

Weary, harassed, and ill-equipped, this pioneer group could hardly spare 500 of their strongest men; yet this apparent sacrifice resulted in a boon to the Saints as the Church leaders immediately received \$40,000 as advance pay to the soldiers. Without this the movement westward would have been much more difficult.

At Santa Fe, New Mexico, the end of the first leg of the journey, Col. Cooke was given command of the Battalion and for three months was very close to this ragtag, ill-clad, underfed and poorly equipped military force that defied every natural obstacle of mountain and desert to establish the first wagon road to the Pacific. Speak-

(See Page 23)

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The Indian

By Mae Timbimboo Parry
of Clefield, Utah

Centuries ago, the smoke of his wigwam and the fires of his council meetings rose in every village, from the East Coast to the West Coast, from the North to the South.

The shouts of victory and the war dance rang through the mountains and plains. The arrow and the deadly tomahawk whistled through forests and prairies. The hunters almost motionless movements startled the wild beasts and birds in their lairs and nests. The young as well as the old warriors stood forth in their glory. To them the song of the birds was music; the drone of the bee was heard; the lonely fiddling of the cricket was sweet to the ear.

The young listened to the songs and the tales of the by-gone years. They listened and learned, so that someday they might also repeat the same. The mothers took time out to play with their children and taught them to love and appreciate the simplest joys of nature and life. The aged sat down with only memories of hunting, killing, feasting, starving and worshipping. They should soon be at peace and rest in fairer reigns, where the Great Spirit dwelt beyond the sunset in the great Western skies.

Braver men never lived than the Red Man; truer men never walked this land, and truer men never drew the bow and arrow. They had courage, fortitude, and perseverance beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no danger; they feared no hardship; fear and danger were daily companions. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. They believed that love, like hate, stopped not at the grave, but was carried into the life of the setting sun.

The Indian never quarreled about religion. They were taught to love each other and to be united in all things and to be thankful for all favors they received. They dared not pluck a flower, twig, herb or fruit unless they asked permission of the Great Spirit through prayer.

Little by little the Indian is vanishing, vanishing into the society of civilization. He has to forget the wrongs done to him and his forefathers. He has to forget that

once his forefathers owned this great land, that their seat extended from the rising to the setting sun. In memory, he can always recall the hunting of the buffalo, the deer and other animals, that were made for his use by the Great Spirit. He can remember that Mother Earth was created to produce corn and melons for his use. He must forget the evil day when men of white crossed the blue waters and landed on his land. He must remember that he gave them a small seat, because he took pity on these strangers, who were running away from religious persecution. He must remember that his forefathers gave them corn and meat. He must remember that the strangers, calling him brother and must forget they only wanted larger seats. They wanted more land; they wanted the whole country. He must forget in return for his kindness, he was given poison many times. The Indian must remember that disputes about hunting grounds were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. He must forget about the time his eyes were opened and mind made uneasy, when Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many people were destroyed. He must never forget the teachings about the Great Spirit, the Father of all Red Men.

The Indian has scarcely a place to spread his blanket, scarcely a place to pitch his tepee. He cannot roam and rove at will. The Indian has been forced to leave his miserable little home, leave the ashes of his native hearth. No longer does he see the smoke curl around his lowly wigwam. No longer does he creep upon the fowls. No longer is his chants heard at night. No longer is loud wails heard at death. He must express himself in a different manner. He has to wear shoes upon his feet, feet that would rather roam in soft skins. He must cut his hair because that is the way of civilized men. He must eat food that makes his teeth soft. He is changing slowly.

He is watching and waiting to see the effects of civilization on men. Will civilization make them truer men, stronger men and men that will get along with men from across the great blue waters.

The Indian is moving with a slow step, moving with an unsteady step, but before long he

will catch the pace of the White men and move as he does. But first of all the Indian must erase deep resentments and painful recollections that were distracting him. Only in memory can he see the deserted villages, cast a glance upon the grave of his forefathers and fathers. He sheds no tears, utters no cries or groans. There is something in his heart which surpasses speech. He is looking forward and is going onward. But never for a moment is he going to forget that he is an Indian, a proud race, a race born with a spirit that cannot be enslaved. Although his ways may change, his look and thoughts will always be Indian.

MAE TIMBIMBOO PARRY
Mrs. Grant M. Parry

(From Page 22)

ing of this obstacle course, Col. Cooke said, "History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. . ."

The blue of the Pacific, the lush, green vegetation, the refreshing rains, and springlike temperatures of San Luis Rey were a welcome experience to the Battalion at the conclusion, on January 27, 1847, of this march of 2,000 miles. Part of the companies were ordered garrison at Los Angeles and in April began the construction of Fort Moore on an eminence overlooking the city.

As they were mustered out of service late in July, they were invited to re-enlist, but many of them, being family men, chose instead to engage in another march of 800 miles to join their families in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. About one-half of them, enroute, stopped at Sutler's Fort near Sacramento where they found remunerative work and stayed for the winter. It was some of these men, while engaged in building a saw mill, were responsible, with their forman, James W. Marshall, for the discovery of gold in the millrace. This incident set off a wave of westward migration that brought nearly 100,000 people to California which gained statehood within two years.

Robert B. McCoy, president of The Rio Grande Press, Inc., and his associates, are to be commended highly for bringing these two volumes back into circulation. They have rendered a distinctive service to all who have an interest in western history.

No Closed Gate

Prize Pioneer Story
By Emily W. Brewer

One hot August afternoon, Anne sat staring out the window toward the lake. In her trembling hand she held a letter from President John Taylor, but she refused to believe the words she had read. Niels could not be dead, not her Niels. Why, little more than two years had passed since he left, vibrant and alive, to be President of the Scandinavian Mission, his third mission for his church.

Of course there had been some mistake! In his last letter he had told how busy he was, saying, "Brother Jensen and I just finished revision of the Book of Mormon and we thank God, who has blessed us to accomplish this great work. I have looked in vain for my release, but this is all right. If the Lord will bless me with health and strength, I'll remain as long as he wishes me to."

The Lord would bless Niels, he always had blessed him. She remembered how, as he was returning from his second mission he had been blinded by alkali and could not even see her when he arrived. And again when his feet were so badly frozen the doctor had said they must be amputated. Both times they had sought the Lord, and Niels had been restored to normal. Yes, the Lord would bless her Niels.

She continued to gaze out the window, but instead of the blue lake she saw a garden gate in Denmark. It was a spring evening and in the soft moonlight Niels had asked her to marry him.

"Anne," he had said, "remember the night I first saw you? It was at the fair and you looked so lonely. I asked permission to walk home with you. As we neared this spot I was anticipating a visit by your fireside, but you firmly closed the gate and bid me good-night. I determined then that someday there would be no closed gate between us ever again."

White caps were forming now on the lake. Perhaps the wind would rise and blow away the clouds that were making the air so sultry. That would be better than rain, she thought, for she didn't want the new mown hay spoiled. Everything must be in good condition when Niels returned.

The lake faded from her vision

again and she heard Niels' voice saying, "Yes, there have been other girls and twice marriage plans were made, but don't you see, it was Providence that intervened and made me wait for you?"

And so they had been married, but before they could settle into an easy way of life Niels had come home one day and announced that he was going to attend a meeting with one of his co-workers. He came back so impressed by the "new religion" he had heard about at that meeting that soon she was studying with him.

Their joy had been great that August midnight, twenty-seven years ago when they had come out of the waters of baptism and received the Holy Ghost. Their joy had increased as he was called to fill a mission among his own people and then to serve as a counselor to the mission President.

Even when they left the land of their birth, their loved ones and a tiny lad sleeping in "grave 25" in a churchyard, she was still happy with her Niels.

His call to a second mission, when their home was barely finished, left her with four small children. Still there was no complaint forthcoming. Their love spanned the ocean and when he returned, their joy was even greater.

This third call had been accepted with the simple statement — "Thy will be done." Now they were asking her to believe he was dead, but it couldn't be true.

She was startled from her reverie by the whining of Niels' dog. It was a mournful whine. Could it be that the animal sensed something she did not? As she moved, a second letter fell from her lap. She picked it up, noticing it was from Niels' close companion, Elder Andrew Jensen. Hesitantly, she opened it and scanned the page. These words seemed to stand out, "... and so his soul passed quietly down the aisle to eternity."

Then it was true. His release had come, but he would not be returning to her. Panic seized her breast and as the storm outside broke, her own tears began to flow. Great sobs wracked her body. A body wearied by long years of waiting. Now, it seemed, there was nothing to wait for. Niels wasn't coming. Niels had

gone on without her. She was alone.

The sun had gone down outside and darkness fell. Still she continued to cry out in her anguish through the long night, barely conscious that the heavens, too, were pouring forth great torrents of rain.

As dawn began to break, the tears ceased and the bonds of grief that gripped her heart began to slacken. Her mind cleared. Silently she prayed for strength, then walked to the window and watched the first rays of the morning sun come over the rugged eastern hills. The lake was calm after the storm. The grass and the trees were cleansed of dust, the flowers were blooming. All around her bore record that God was in His heaven and life must go on.

What would Niels have her do? Why, first of all, she thought, he would want the hay turned so it wouldn't spoil. As she walked toward the barn she felt Niels' arm across her shoulders as it had been that night in Copenhagen by the garden gate and she seemed to hear him say,

"There will be no closed gate between us ever again."

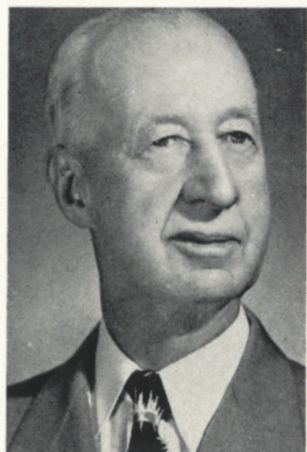
THOUGHTS

We must watch ourselves day by day . . . Take inventory of our thoughts . . . our actions . . . and record them as we would record a sale . . . in the records of a business . . . The business of our becoming a success is weighted by our own efforts . . . And what we the great ego I . . . are willing to put forth . . . and into a chosen field . . .

Can I hang on . . . When all others let go . . . because they couldn't stand . . . to stay put any longer . . . Do I have the determination for hard work . . . and the ability to control myself . . . Can I laugh with the world . . . And still cry inside . . . without their knowledge . . . Can I walk a pathway alone . . . If . . . needs be for a principle . . . a trust . . . or a friend . . . And share with them the fruits of my labors. . . Can I give of myself with a world crying at my feet . . . And not be just a taker . . . Can I smile with a broken heart . . . and refuse to quit . . . because there is a sure knowledge from within . . . tomorrow

(See Page 25)

Dr. Walter A. Kerr, Chairman, Announces Annual S.U.P. Pioneer Story Contest — 1965



One of the great purposes of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers is to collect and preserve the precious gems of historic lore to be found in the experiences of our pioneer ancestors in the establishment and development of this commonwealth.

The President of each chapter should appoint a committee to take charge of the story contest and send the name of the chairman to the National Chairman. The National Society, through its chairman, will provide all application blanks.

Applications are to be submitted to the local chairman or to Walter A. Kerr, National Chairman, 132 University St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

The story should not exceed 1500 words, and must be a true story of biography of some pioneer, preferable a pioneer ancestor of the contestant or a distant relative. All stories submitted become the property of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers.

The contest begins February 1, 1965 and closes June 15, 1965. Contestants are divided into two divisions, Senior Division, 18 years of age and over, and Junior Division, 11 to 17 years of age.

Contestants at large should obtain application blanks from and send their stories to the National Chairman not later than June 15, 1965.

MEET and EAT at MA'S AND PA'S

Beautiful New Rebuilt Cafe
On Highway 91, Roy, Utah

We Are Proud To Serve the SUP

"LIFE"

By Harold H. Jenson

Life is just as we as people make it,
It can be a Heaven or a Hell.
For we're here as children of our Master,
And our mission's here on earth to dwell,
'Till our Noble Sire shall call us to him,
Stating "You have other work to do."
So let's try and while we're here, let's make it
A Paradise for all, both me and you.
Try to do to others always,

As you would that they should do to you;
Make your life unselfish, sweet, endearing
And your friends will ever cherish you.
Do not worry over idle gossip,
'Tis the Devil's play, the idle tongue
Says full many a thing that has not meaning,
Yet does harm to many an innocent one.

And the greatest harm comes always
To the one who harbors evil thoughts
'Gainst his neighbor who has never harmed him
But has ever acts of kindness wrought.
So let's live that when we meet each other
In that great and glorious future home,
That we'll meet our neighbor as our brother,
Knowing that we've lived not for ourselves alone.

Life is but a school, experience is our teacher;
We learn hard lessons, play and have our fun,
Learning, living, striving, earning,
Life's reward, for work well done.
And to him, who when his life is ended,
Leaves to others character and name
That has never been disgraced or ruined,
He's the one who has gained worldly fame.

That will never die in me'mry's tableau,
And our Master when He meets said man,
Shall to him with words and accent
Proudly state, "My son you've ever been a man,
You did the best that you knew how to
In your works and actions while on earth,
And that now your journey there has ended
This reward is yours because of worth."

(From Page 24)

row is another day . . . another chance . . . as is each new minute and hour . . .

Will I try . . . instead of saying can't . . . Do I know that I am one of God's creation . . . that as such . . . I can't fail . . . I won't give up . . . I will try and try again . . . for being Kin to God-head . . . requires . . . I live each day as though it were the last day of my life . . . That I scatter sunshine with the rain . . . That in believing in myself . . . there is no place for self pity . . . nor can I place the blame upon another . . .

for my mistakes or my actions. . .

For I know that to be a success . . . and to succeed . . . There is only one time that man is equal . . . And that is the golden moment . . . when we laugh together at a joke . . . For success is . . . and always will be . . . our personal belief . . . in ourselves. . . It is pleasing . . . and doing the things we like . . . and love the best . . . never looking backward . . . but always forward . . . and taking the opportunities that come our way and holding on . . . And on . . . And on.

Some Pictures Of Previous Golden Spike Celebrations



The Box Elder County Golden Spike Association redrives the "GOLDEN SPIKE," with replicas of the Union Pacific 119 and the Central Pacific Jupiter as a backdrop. Members of the cast include Glen

Nelson, Alf. L. Freeman, John Howard, L. D. Wilde, C. R. BaBrker, Henry Horne, George L. Johnson.



Horace A. Sorensen and Joel Priest at 1959 Golden Spike Celebration.

~~~~~  
For service, I always ask for a table near a waiter.

~~~~~  
Only a friend can become an enemy because a relative is already an enemy.



Promontory Summit . . . Is this enough? Another view of the desolate, lonely, denuded landscape where fantastically significant history was made on May 10, 1869. Can our nation, our state, our big industries and our public leaders honestly feel that this is enough? Why not a National Monument stretching for twenty miles along the old roadbeds? Why not replicas of the Central Pacific's "Jupiter" and the Union Pacific's "119," with other rolling stock to form a museum of early railroading? Why not markers that identify the sites of the old buildings at Promontory Station? Markers that identify the old Boom Camps, the old railroad towns, the forgotten Chinese graveyards, the Irish camps? This is Promontory Summit (as it looked in 1958) . . . Is it enough?



The Golden Spike

OFFICIAL TEST FORM																			
A. JUDGMENT Defensive Driving Techniques circle correct letter SCORE 1. a. b. c. d. ☐ 2. a. b. c. d. ☐ 3. a. b. c. d. ☐	B. KNOWLEDGE Rules of the Road: circle T (true) or F (false) <table style="width: 100%;"> <thead> <tr> <th style="width: 33%; text-align: center;">SCORE</th> <th style="width: 33%; text-align: center;">SCORE</th> <th style="width: 33%; text-align: center;">SCORE</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>1. T. F. ☐</td> <td>6. T. F. ☐</td> <td>11. T. F. ☐</td> </tr> <tr> <td>2. T. F. ☐</td> <td>7. T. F. ☐</td> <td>12. T. F. ☐</td> </tr> <tr> <td>3. T. F. ☐</td> <td>8. T. F. ☐</td> <td>13. T. F. ☐</td> </tr> <tr> <td>4. T. F. ☐</td> <td>9. T. F. ☐</td> <td>14. T. F. ☐</td> </tr> <tr> <td>5. T. F. ☐</td> <td>10. T. F. ☐</td> <td>15. T. F. ☐</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>	SCORE	SCORE	SCORE	1. T. F. ☐	6. T. F. ☐	11. T. F. ☐	2. T. F. ☐	7. T. F. ☐	12. T. F. ☐	3. T. F. ☐	8. T. F. ☐	13. T. F. ☐	4. T. F. ☐	9. T. F. ☐	14. T. F. ☐	5. T. F. ☐	10. T. F. ☐	15. T. F. ☐
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C. PERCEPTION Hazards Alertness 1. List the number of driving hazards you have seen Number () Score ☐	D. SPECIAL circle correct letter SCORE 1. a. b. c. d. ☐ 2. a. b. c. d. ☐																		
TOTAL SCORE																			



The way it actually looked on May 10, 1869, at Promontory Summit. This "wet plate" was undoubtedly made by Colonel C. R. Savage whose published photo of the "driving of the golden spike" became the most famous of all western pictures. SUP NEWS does not know whether this photo was made immediately before or after the driving of the spike. The shot is truly "history in the rough."

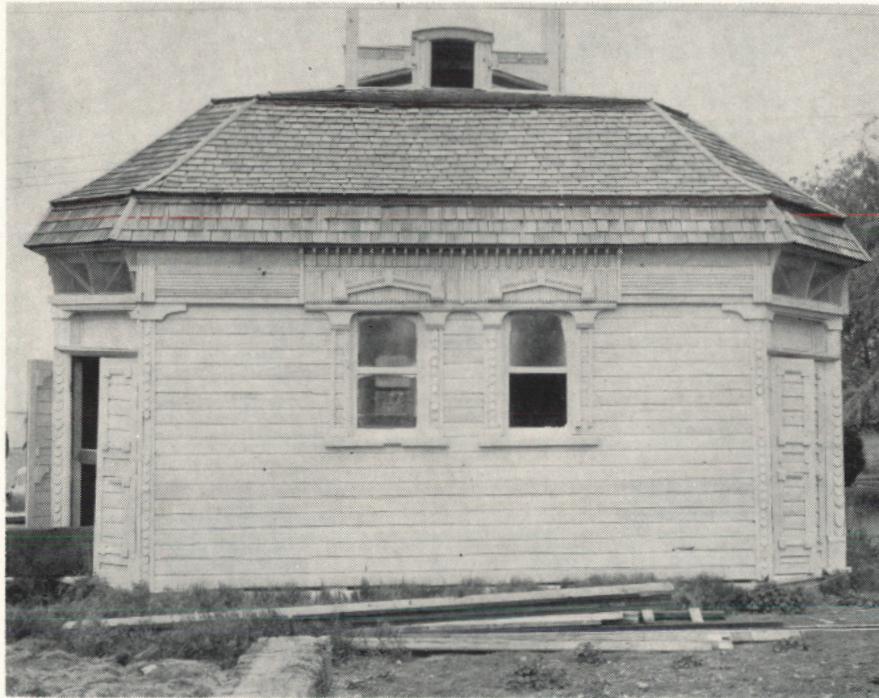
The above official test form was designed to be used with "The National Drivers' Test," May 24 on KSL.

The Utah Safety Council urges you to participate in this program. Business or civic organizations may sponsor an eight-hour Driver Improvement course for their employees or members through the council.



Celebrating the coming centennial of the driving of the Golden Spike. Back row, left to right): Tom Hewitt, S.P.R.R.; Milt Backman, S.U.P.; Karl B. Hale, S.U.P.; Joel L. Priest, U.P.R.R.. Seated: Mary Jane Morris, Corinne, Horace A. Sorensen, SUP, Bernice G. Anderson, Golden Spike Ass'n.

Things are moving at S. U. P. Railroad Museum



Corrine, Utah

As reported by
Horace A. Sorensen
Founder and Director
of our Museums

Historic Building that has been a landmark on the road into Brigham City but now moved to our Railroad Village to save and protect it.

Our project at Corinne has been hampered by a change in the road, but we are not going to discount its importance because as the Promontory Summit site becomes an historical monument by governmental legislation, it will become more and more important because it will be the gateway to that project. Located just 7 miles west of Brigham City, and 30 miles from the site of the driving of the last spike. A Union Pacific railroad official also seems to think the same and has all but promised his support for one of the 4,000 steam engines which were the largest ever used. We are also moving in an old section house—9 to 25 feet—which could be used for enlarged restroom facilities and dressing rooms adjacent to the large stage where we now propose to put on outdoor shows during June, July and August. The above building could be used for many things, including a nice little restaurant, which it is ideally suited for, and as the crowds go to and from the newly proposed Promontory Summit Monument promotion, this will be right at Corinne, the Railroad Capital of Utah. Our main problem right now is to get a middle aged couple who want to make a career for themselves by residing right at the Museum and dedicating their lives to this project. The above is an interview by T. Mack Woolley with Horace A. Sorensen, just prior to the printing of this edition.

Aaronic Priesthood Day — Saturday May 15, 1965 at

Pioneer Village



Holladay Stake Presidency in a letter of May 20th, signed by W. Wayne Prince, Marvin L. Pugh, and Keith C. Brown, expressed their gratitude and appreciation for making available the facilities of the Village and said: "Our young men did enjoy their visit and it proved to be one of the finest things we have ever done. We also appreciate the use of the lawn area." They commended us for our great work to this community and visitors in showing the heritage of the Pioneers who came and settled here. Brother A. Ray Curtis addressed the group as shown above.

Highland Stake Aaronic Priesthood Visit

Pioneer Village



Pioneer Village was literally alive with Aaronic Priesthood activities during the day of May 15th. The birthday of the restoration of the Priesthood. Many Stakes, including the Highland Stake, and at least two from Ogden, registered in. Highland Stake officials included President Horace B. Richards and Councilors Donovan H. Van Dam, and Wesley M. Petersen were in charge, and Ruby Hurst Morgan, as shown to the right of photograph, acted as one of the guides.



The Laubins—Reginald and Gladys—will present a 90-minute Indian dance concert Monday at 3 p.m. at Pioneer Village.

The Salt Lake Tribune

The Salt Lake Tribune, Monday, May 31, 1965

Indian Concert

Old and New West Mingle in Dances

The Laubins—one of the last links between the old and the new west—will present an Indian dance concert Monday at 3 p.m. in the sunken gardens adjacent to the Sons of Utah Pioneers Village, 2998 Connor St. (2150 East).

Reginald Laubin and his wife, Gladys, who have performed throughout the United States and in 11 European and North African nations, will present the 90-minute concert, their second in Salt Lake City, according to Horace A. Sorensen, their Salt Lake City host.

Far Removed

"They're far removed from the rodeo and TV version of Indians," Mr. Sorensen said. "They preserve as an art form what no longer can be preserved as a way of life."

Many of the dances were taught to Mr. Laubin by Chief One Bull, nephew and adopted son of Sitting Bull, famous Sioux Indian chief.

Although most of their dances are of Sioux origin,

Mr. Laubin said, songs and dances of the Cheyenne, Crow, Cherokee and Ottawa also are in the repertoire.

Hoop Dance

The Hoop Dance, which Mr. Laubin practices daily, comes from the Ottawas of Michigan, he said.

"There's quite a similarity between cultures of the plains and woodlands Indians," Mr. Laubin continued. "The Cherokees in North Carolina had a Buffalo Dance, but in the southwest, where they still do it, it is completely different."

"The Sioux haven't done a real buffalo dance in nearly 80 years," Mr. Laubin added. "All the old people are gone, and, unless you were a youngster about 1883, you haven't seen the real dance."

Special guests at the Monday performance will be the Intertribal Council of Brigham Young University Indian Students, Mr. Sorensen said. Admission charges will be one dollar for adults and 50 cents for children.

The Salt Lake Tribune

The Salt Lake Tribune, Saturday, May 29, 1965

A Williamsburg

Pioneer Sons Get Praise For Village

"This is the finest collection and restoration of pioneer artifacts I've seen in the West. I'm tremendously impressed."

This was the reaction Friday of Robert B. Johnson, Dearborn, Mich., after touring the Sons of Utah Pioneers Pioneer Village, 2998-2150 East.

Main Street

Mr. Johnson is curator of the Henry Ford Museum's traveling "Main Street USA" exhibit, being shown in Sugar House.

"Mr. (Horace A.) Sorensen's exhibit is to Salt Lake City and the Pioneer West what Rockefeller's Colonial Williamsburg is to the Colonial East, Mr. Johnson said.

Village Complex

As Mr. Sorensen guided Mr. Johnson through the Village complex, he told two tourists after they had toured the Village not to miss the Main Street USA exhibit in Sugar House.

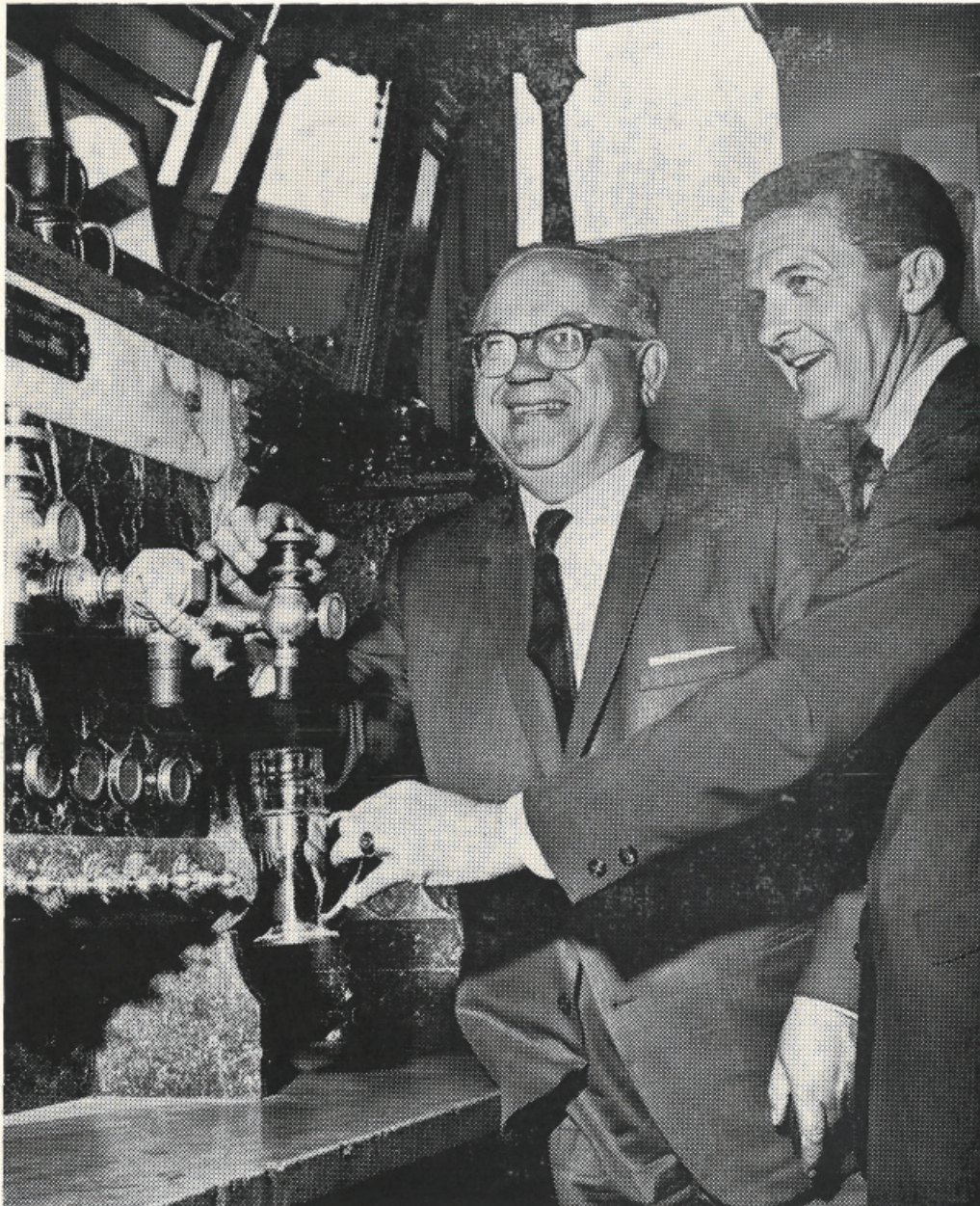
Mr. Johnson interrupted, "No, you ought to stay and go through the Village again."

Mr. Johnson said the Main Street USA exhibit, housed in railroad cars, will remain on the Sugar House siding through Monday.

Typical Small Town

The exhibit is a recreation of a typical small-town Main Street of yesteryear.

At the village, Mr. Johnson said he was particularly impressed by a 100-year-old marble soda fountain, a relic of the days of sarsaparilla.



Sarsaparilla anyone? Horace A. Sorensen, left, Pioneer Village founder, and Robert B. Johnson, curator, Henry Ford Museum's "Main Street USA" traveling exhibit, view soda fountain.



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stores. Thirty-nine years of building a reputation to move FORWARD in our 40th year.

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the way to go for even greater values, bigger selections, and better service.

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Horace A. Sorenson

